



Broken



68 1 4

Chapter 1 by VoxxyBRZ

When he took me that day, that beautiful spring day, I knew I'd never be the same again. That Saturday was the last day in which I even existed at all. I just wish I knew how long ago that particular day was, because as it stands, I don't know the current date, the season or phase of the moon.

I never fit in, generally speaking, I never stood out. I see that now, but to be ignorant and unaware of my blaise self again instead of here, would be unfathomable.

I've changed, that much I know. He's changed me, although I can't determine if it has all been for the better nor can I guess at what "better" is anymore.

The walls in which my entire world resides has no windows and just the 2 doors. I have drawn my own portals into the outside world with the allowed chalk and have created my own visual stimuli but I can't get it right. The flowers and greenery have slowly lost their zest, I've noticed they've started to decay.

The 2 doors are ingenuinly placed.

One behind the other, so that I can'y ever catch glimpses of what lays beyond. The airlock between the two only lets in a hint of woodsy scent and a breath of the wind with a salty aftertaste.

I wish I could recall my name, myreal name...not the one given to me by him.

I'm Broken.

He says that now I'm Broken.

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Chapter 2 by VoxxyBRZ

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I've started to dream again. It's just not the same. My sleeping area in disarray. These aren't dreams, but nightmares. Of a life I've maybe had but can no longer

continue. I don't even get full dreams, just fragments of torturous happiness and normalcy. I can't wake up fast enough.

Images and faces suddenly blur my vision, familiar smiles and expressions I should know but can't place. These nightmares seem to be seeping into my waking hours.

Then, his face stops and I gasp. How could I forget something, no...someone so important? In my terror, I realize I can't even name him, and he starts to slip from my grasp, fading into the past I'll never know. My eyelids are heavy and my mind even more so, the darkness envelopes me and I easily let it take me down to the deepest, darkest region of my self and gratefully get a dream where all is just black.

I yelled out in my sleep, waking myself up in a panic. My little brother...

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